one we have in Calcutta. It did not contain many things worth mention. There were Ravi Varma pictures that we found were hung in the art gallery, some of which were indeed very nice. Among other finer handiworks there were some pith-works, that showed great skill in their workmanship, as well as an indication of the extreme patience and assiduity with which the Madrasis could stick to such laborious little nothings. We next went to see the Bioscope. The Elphinstone Bioscope Company had arranged some time ago a free show of their moving pictures, for the lunatic patients from our asylum and so we had not to pay anything for our tickets, when we entered their theatre. At dusk we returned, and next day at about 2 o'clock or half past two in the evening I had to start on my journey homewards, taking leave of my lunatic friends and the asylum staff as I left. One European Warder and two policemen accompanied me right up to Calcutta. It will be interesting here to note, that ever since my parents came to visit me

at Madras, I seemed to feel their constant presence both mental as well as physical (?) near me. I had seen them many a time in visible material